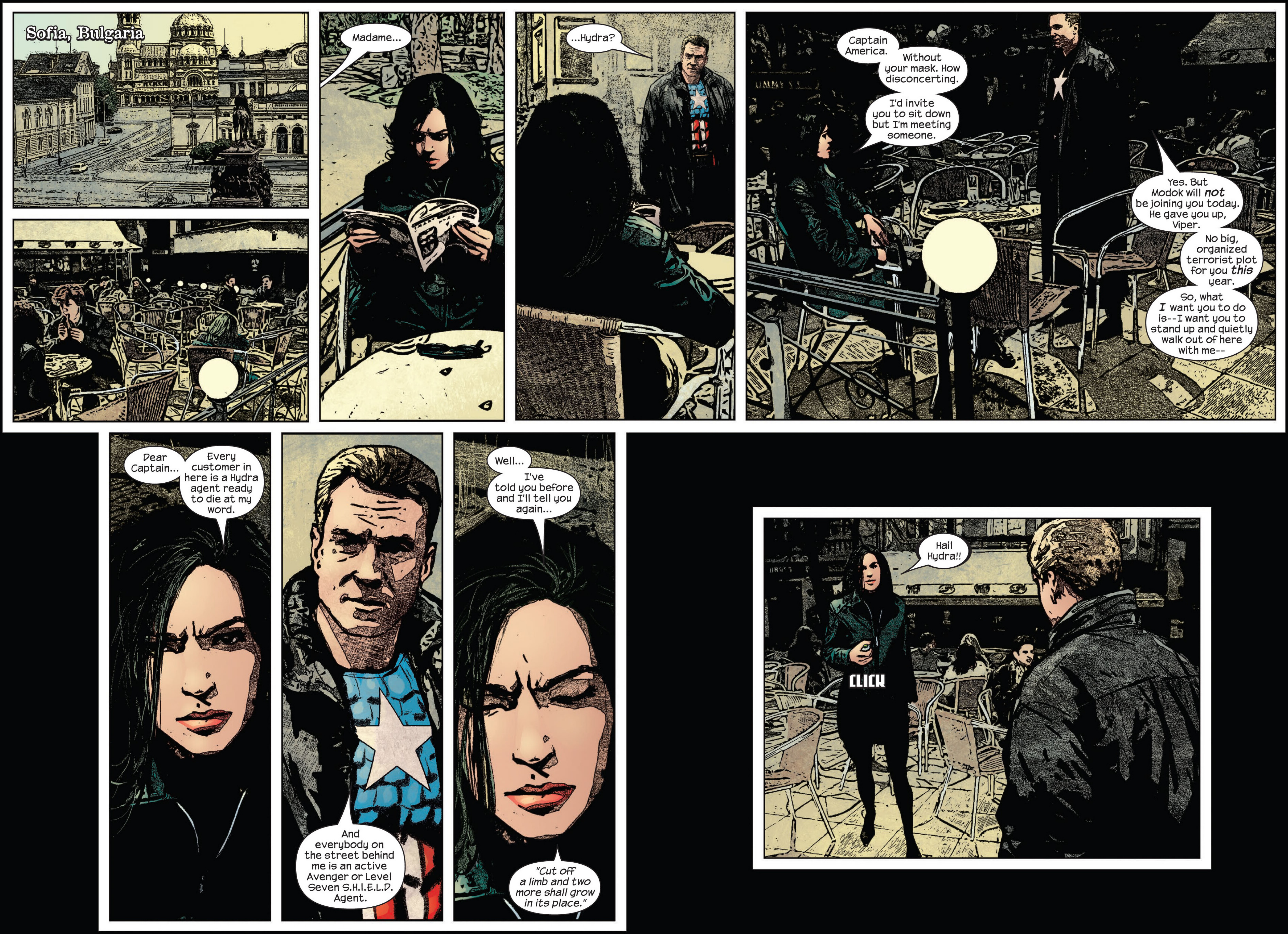
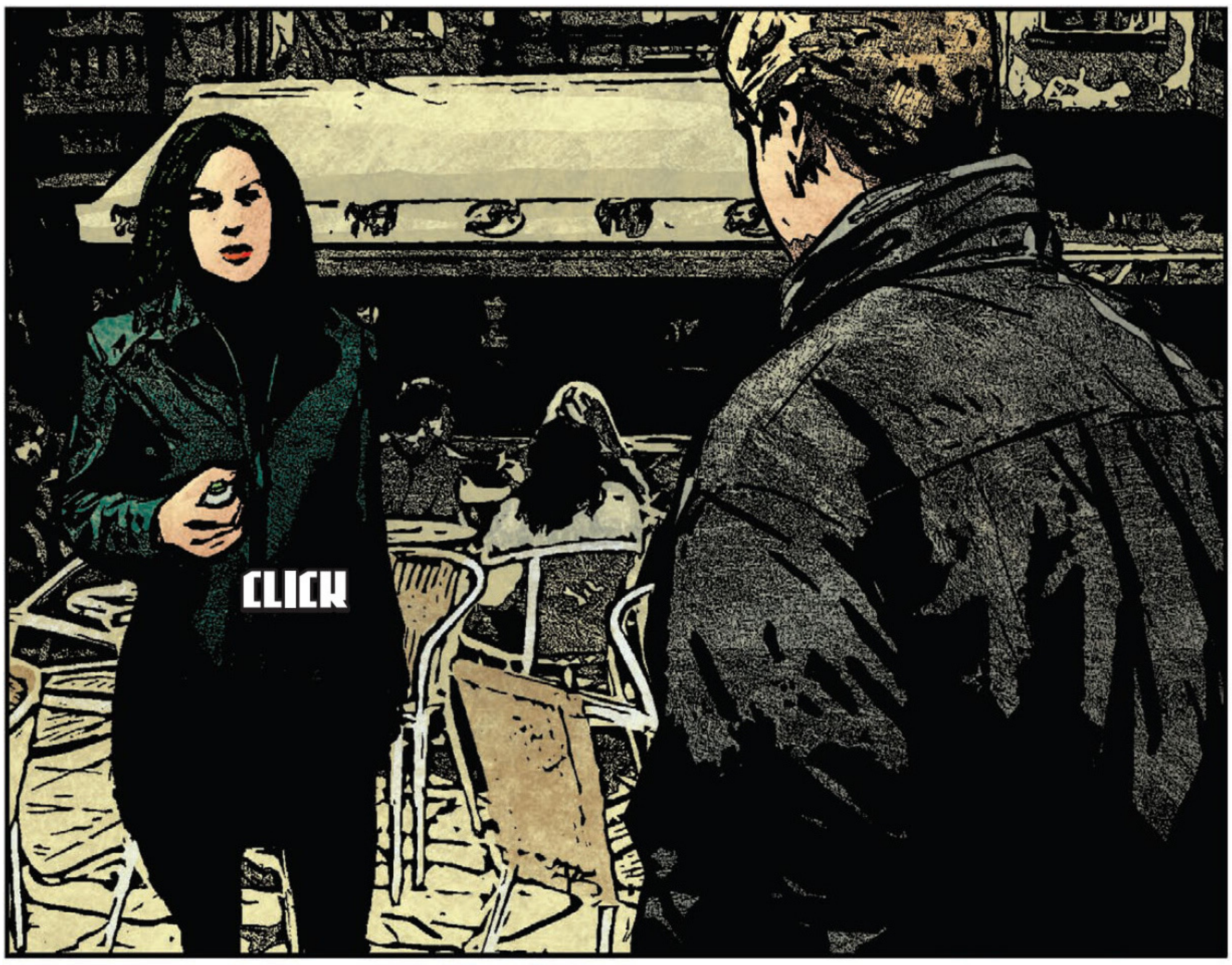
Hell's Kitchen
NELSON & MURDOCK
ATTORNEYS AT LAW
MANHATTAN, NEW YORK
FILED
MILLA DONOVAN, Plaintiff,
vs.
MATTHEW MURDOCK, Defendant.
CASE NO. D311371
DEPT NO. J
COMPLAINT FOR ANNULMENT
Comes now, the plaintiff, Milla Donovan, by through her undersigned council, Ax
Alonso esquire and Jennifer Lee of the office of Lee, Alonso and Macchio and here
moves this honorable court for annulment defendant Murdock, and alleges as foll
1. That this court has jurisdiction over case 25232-332523542--552 as the marriage was performed and entered into in state of New York.
2. That plaintiff Donovan and defendant Murdock were married on the 23rd day of July in New York City, New York.
3. That there were no minor children either ad ies of this issu and plaintiff Donovan is not currently pregnan
That this court has jurisdiction over case 25232-332523542--552
rriage was performed and entered into in state of New York.
That plaintiff Donovan and defendant Murdock were married on t
July in New York City, New York.
That there were no minor children either adopted by the parties o
d plaintiff Donovan is not currently pregnant.

ned and entered into in state of Ne
van and defendant Murdock were
ty, New York.
minor children either adopted by
n is not currently pregnant.
here were no minor children either adopted
ntiff Donovan is not currently pregnant.
Marital consent was obtained by fraud.
She wants an annulment, Foggy.
Give it to her.
It says I *defrauded* her. Says I lied to her.
I didn't *lie* to her.
Give it to her.
The woman's been knocked silly on the roller coaster that is Daredevil.
She wants off. Let her off.
It's quite a ride--I *live* on this ride.
If it was meant to be--she'll come back.
Says the marriage never existed.
I went to law school, too, so yeah, I kinda got that.
You know how these things work--you give her this...
...it'll go a long way towards making things good between you two.
She'll respect you for respecting her wishes on this. Yeah?
And knowing you, there's a new honey right around the corner.


Sofia, Bulgaria
Madame...
...Hydra?
Captain America.
Without your mask. How disconcerting.
I'd invite you to sit down but I'm meeting someone.
Yes. But Modok will **not** be joining you today. He gave you up, Viper.
No big, organized terrorist plot for you **this** year.
So, what **I** want you to do is--I want you to stand up and quietly walk out of here with me--
Dear Captain...
Every customer in here is a Hydra agent ready to die at my word.
And everybody on the street behind me is an active Avenger or Level Seven S.H.I.E.L.D. Agent.
Well...
I've told you before and I'll tell you again...
*"Cut off a limb and two more shall grow in its place."*
Hail Hydra!!
CLICK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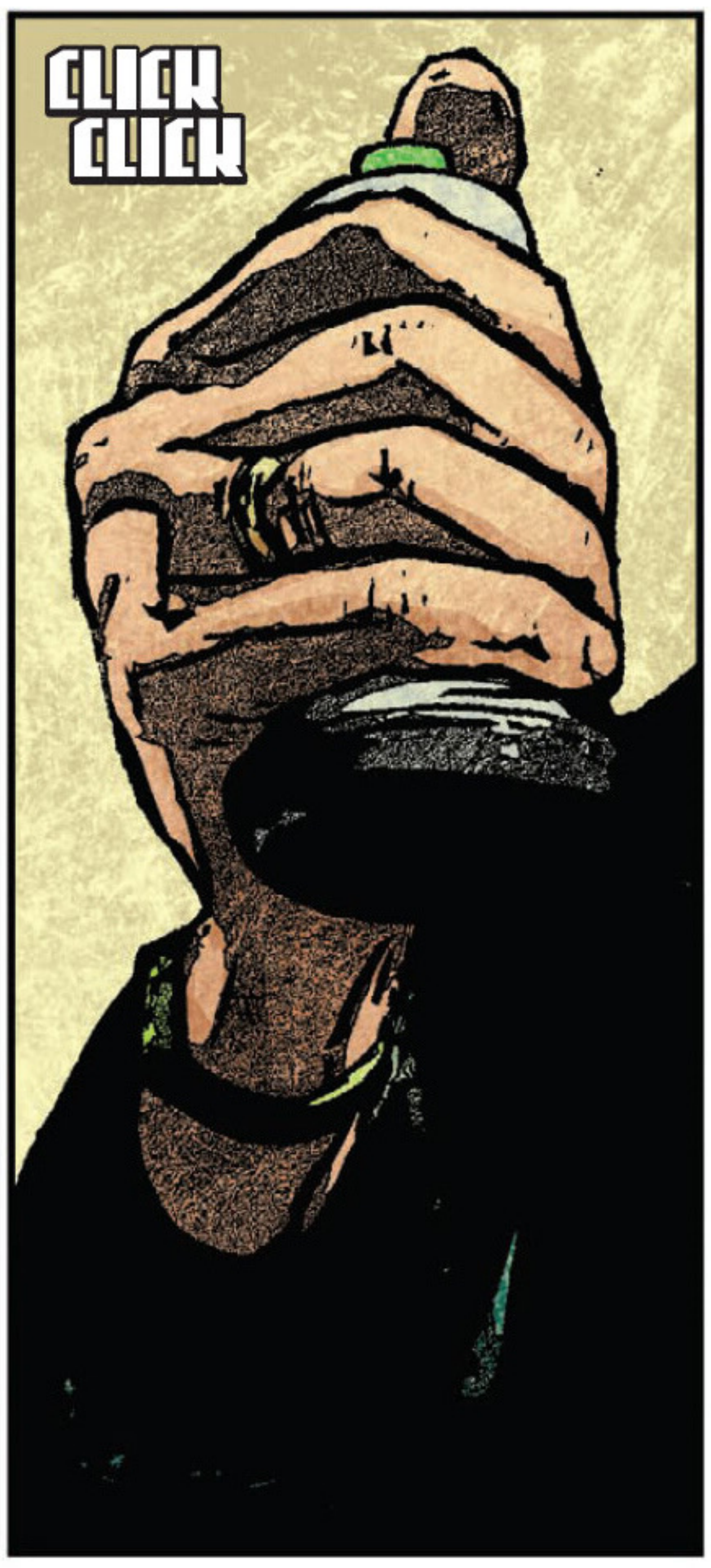
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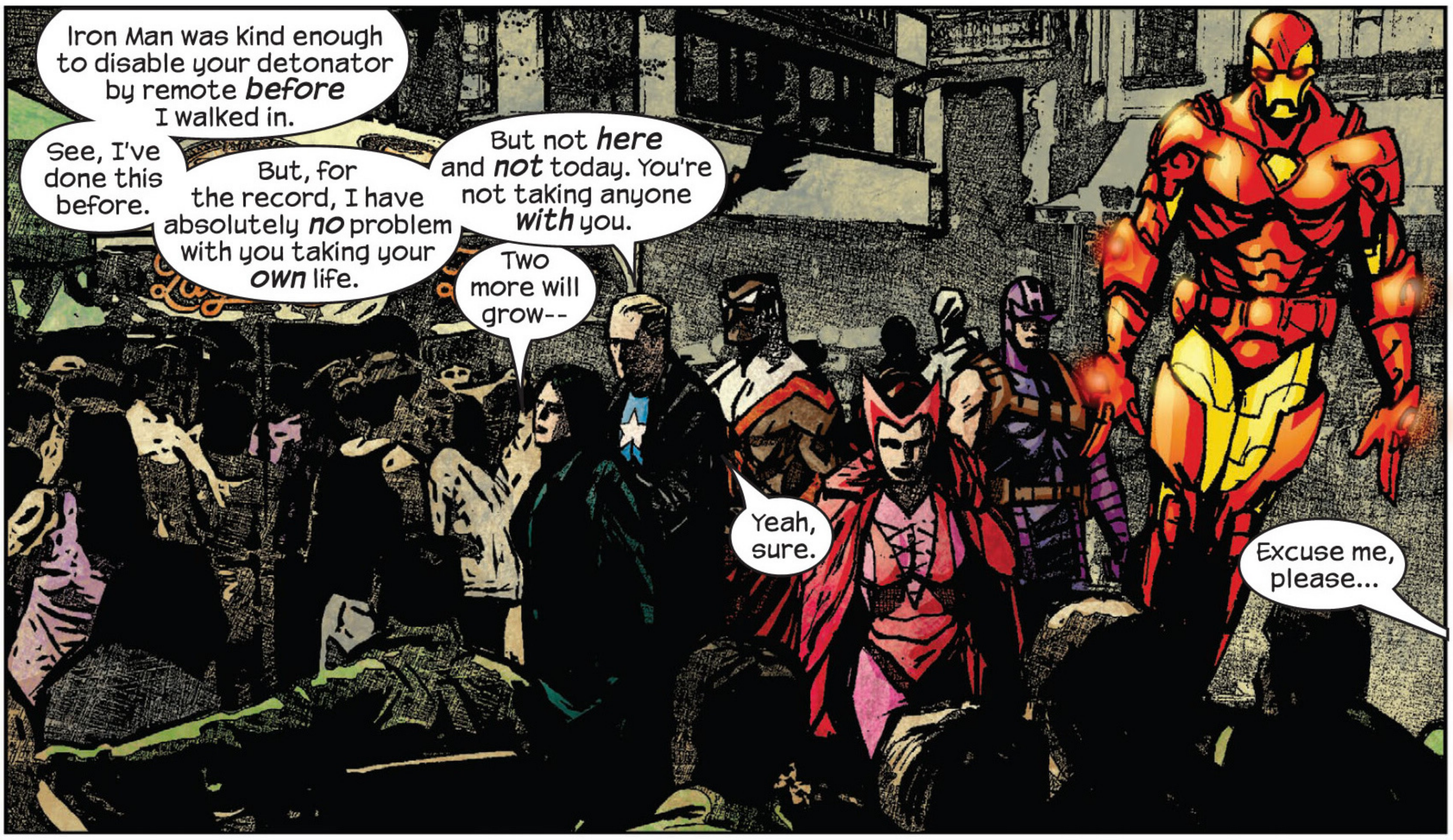
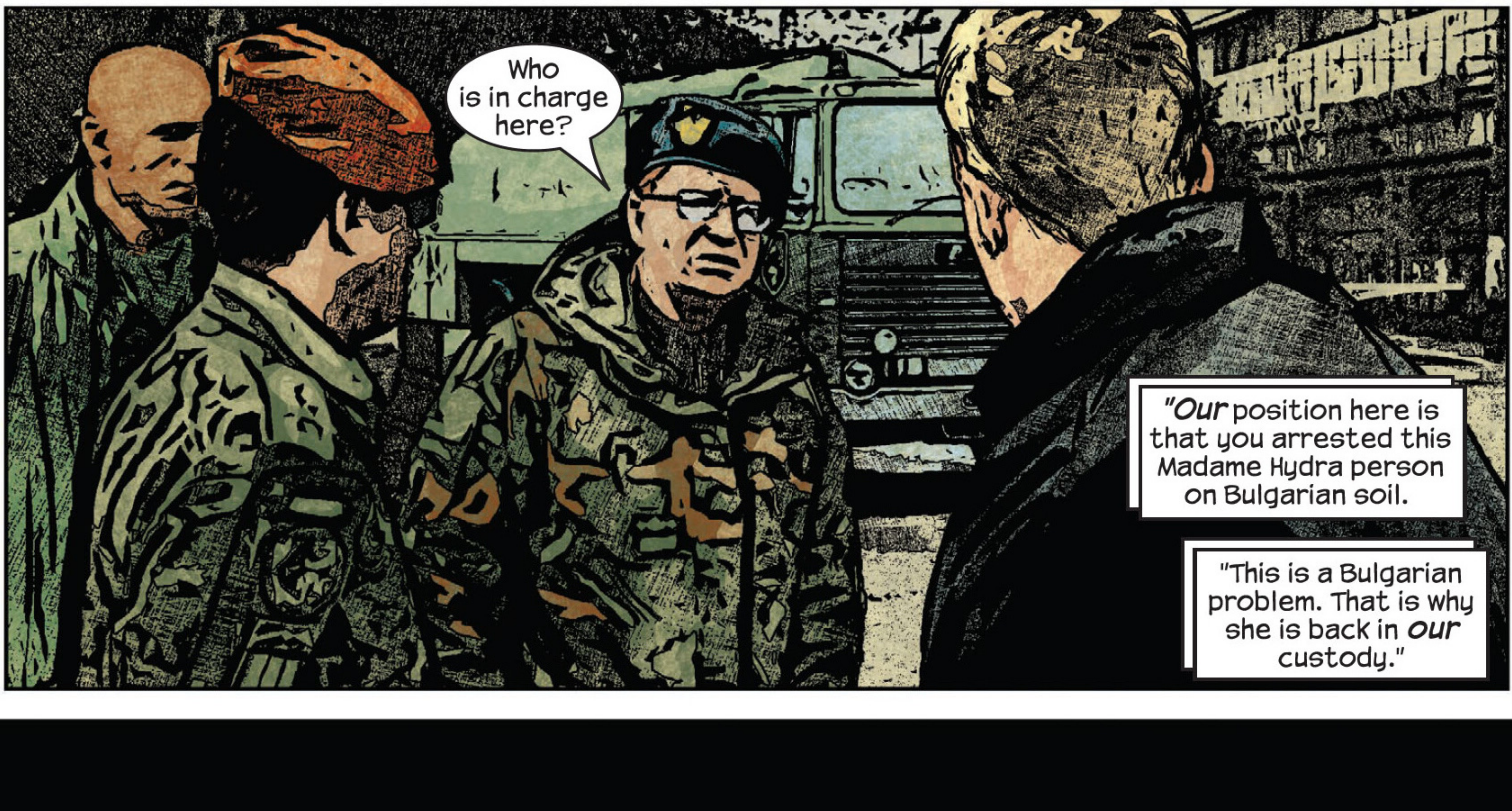
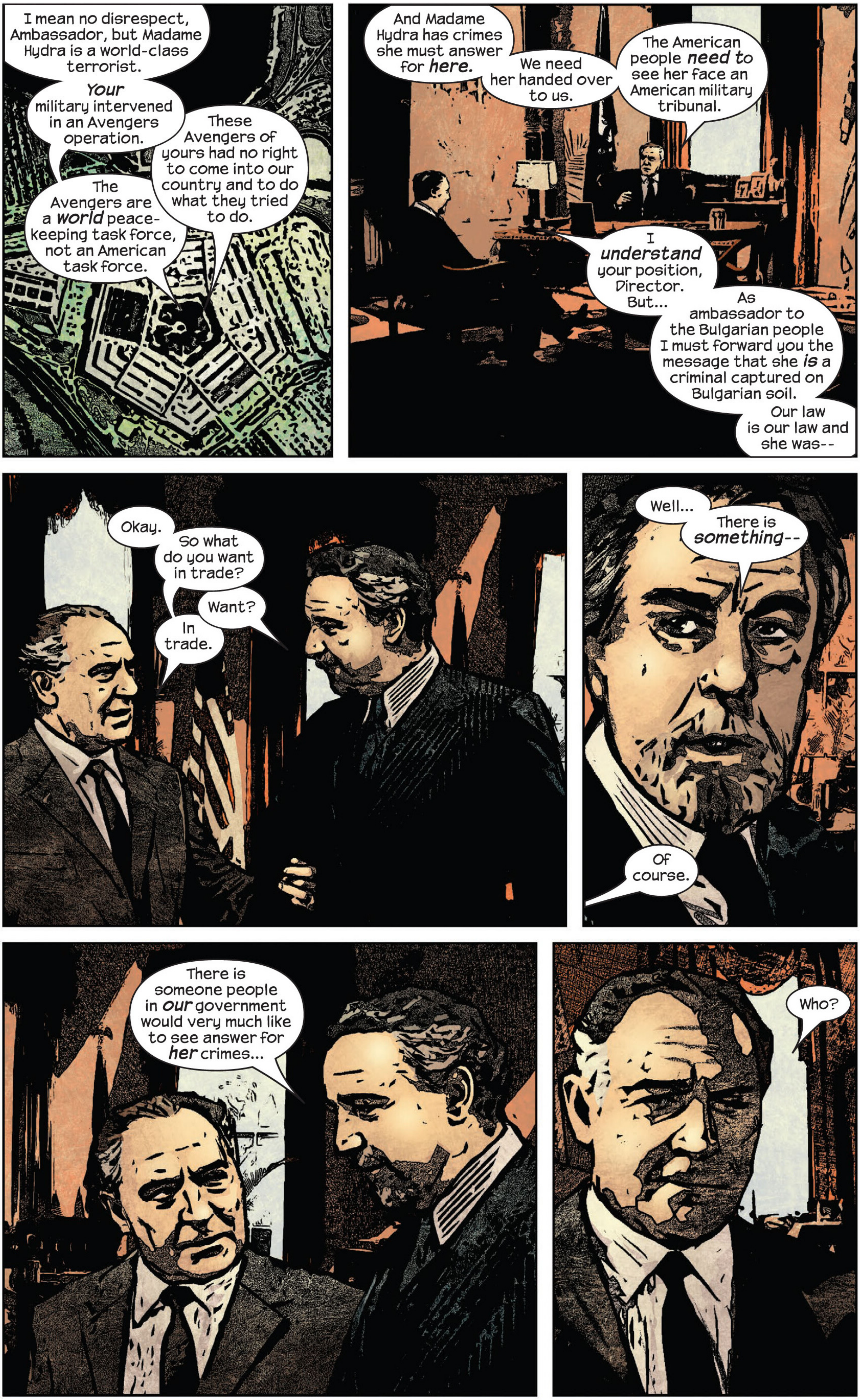
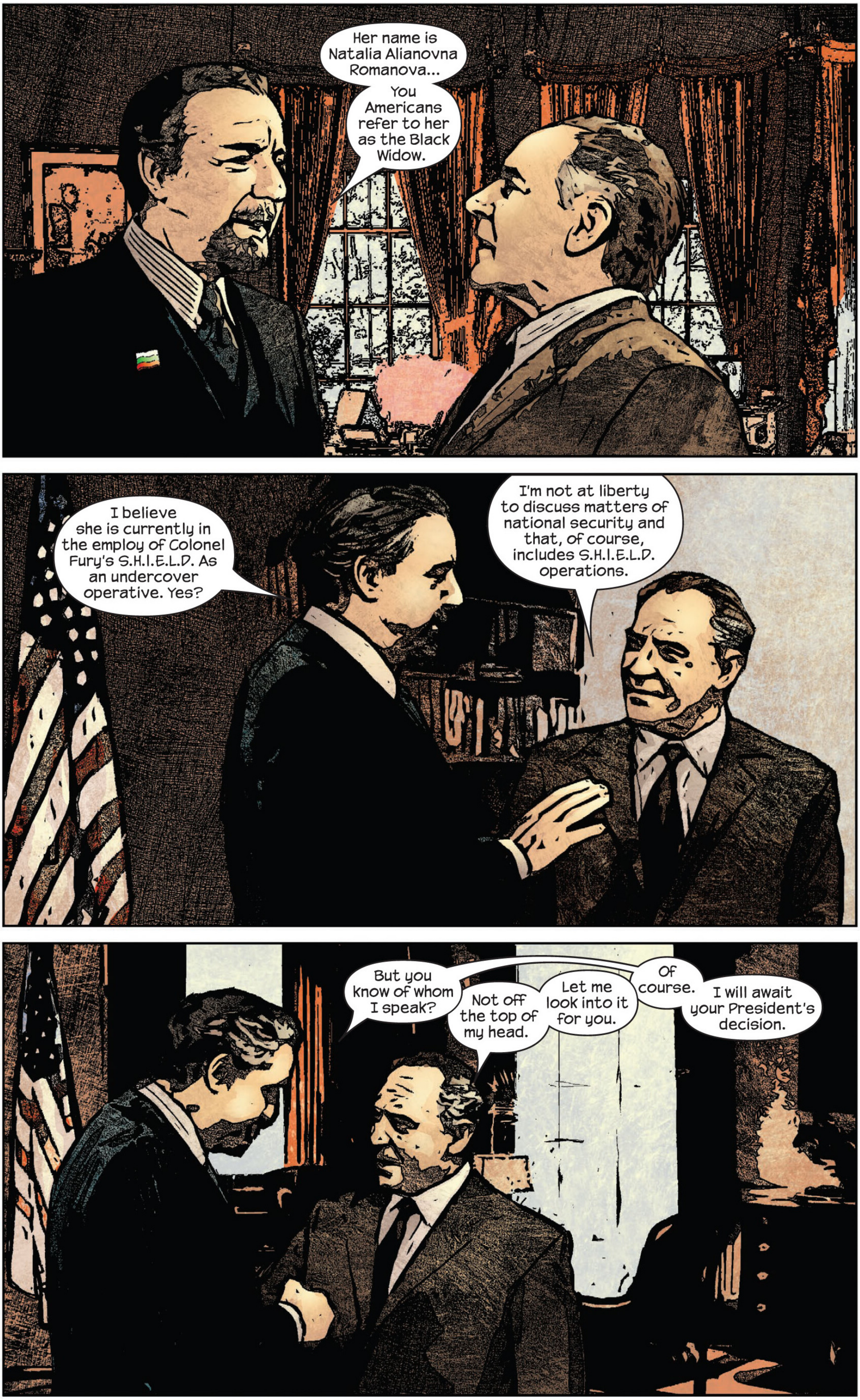
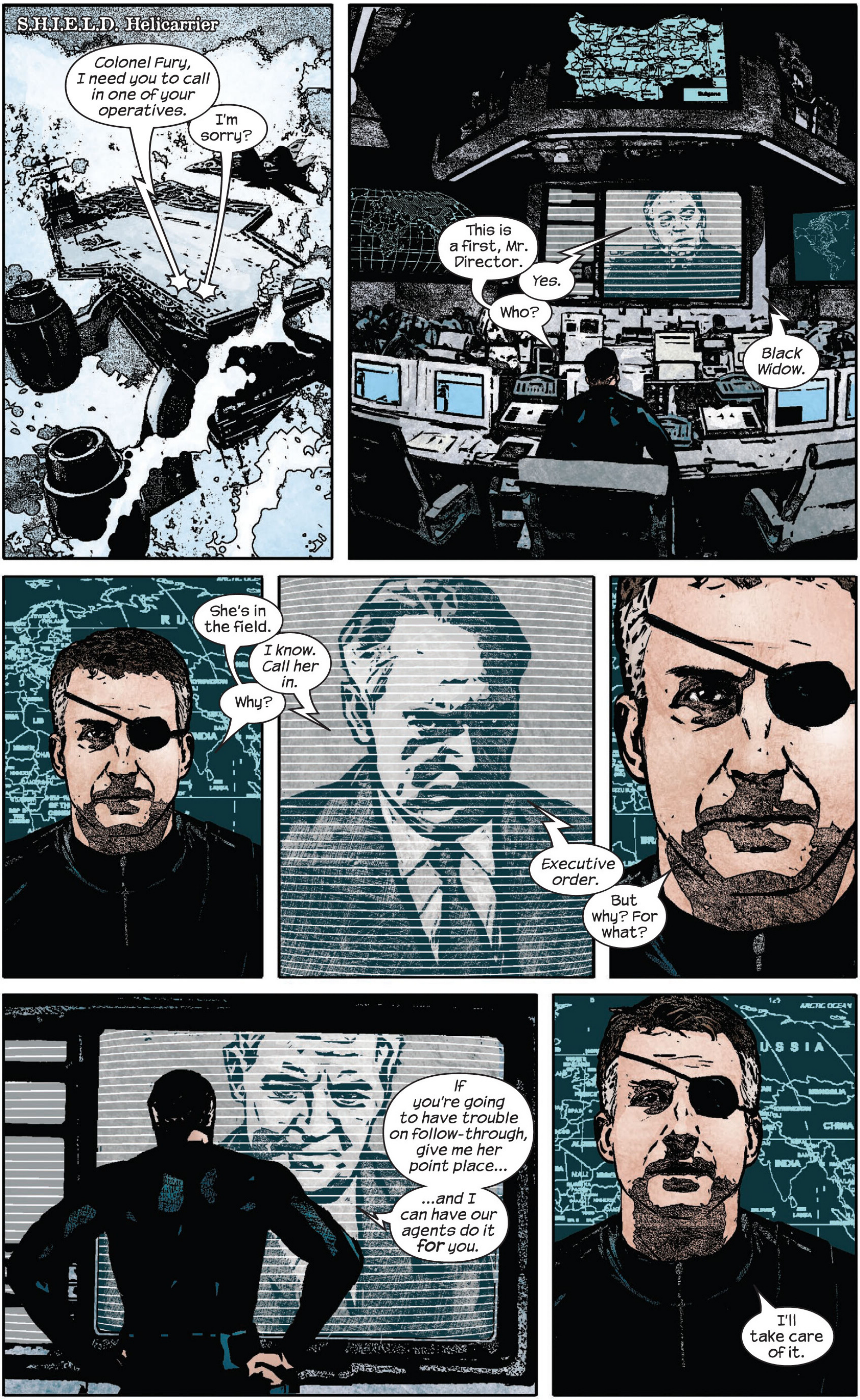

Iron Man was kind enough to disable your detonator by remote *before* I walked in.
See, I've done this before.
But, for the record, I have absolutely *no* problem with you taking your *own* life.
But not *here* and *not* today. You're not taking anyone *with* you.
Two more will grow--
Yeah, sure.
Excuse me, please...


Who is in charge here?
"*Our* position here is that you arrested this Madame Hydra person on Bulgarian soil.
"This is a Bulgarian problem. That is why she is back in *our* custody."


I mean no disrespect, Ambassador, but Madame Hydra is a world-class terrorist.
*Your* military intervened in an Avengers operation.
The Avengers are a *world* peace-keeping task force, not an American task force.
These Avengers of yours had no right to come into our country and to do what they tried to do.
And Madame Hydra has crimes she must answer for *here.*
We need her handed over to us.
The American people *need to* see her face an American military tribunal.
I *understand* your position, Director. But...
As ambassador to the Bulgarian people I must forward you the message that she *is* a criminal captured on Bulgarian soil.
Our law is our law and she was--
Okay.
So what do you want in trade?
Want?
In trade.
Well...
There is *something*--
Of course.
There is someone people in *our* government would very much like to see answer for *her* crimes...
Who?

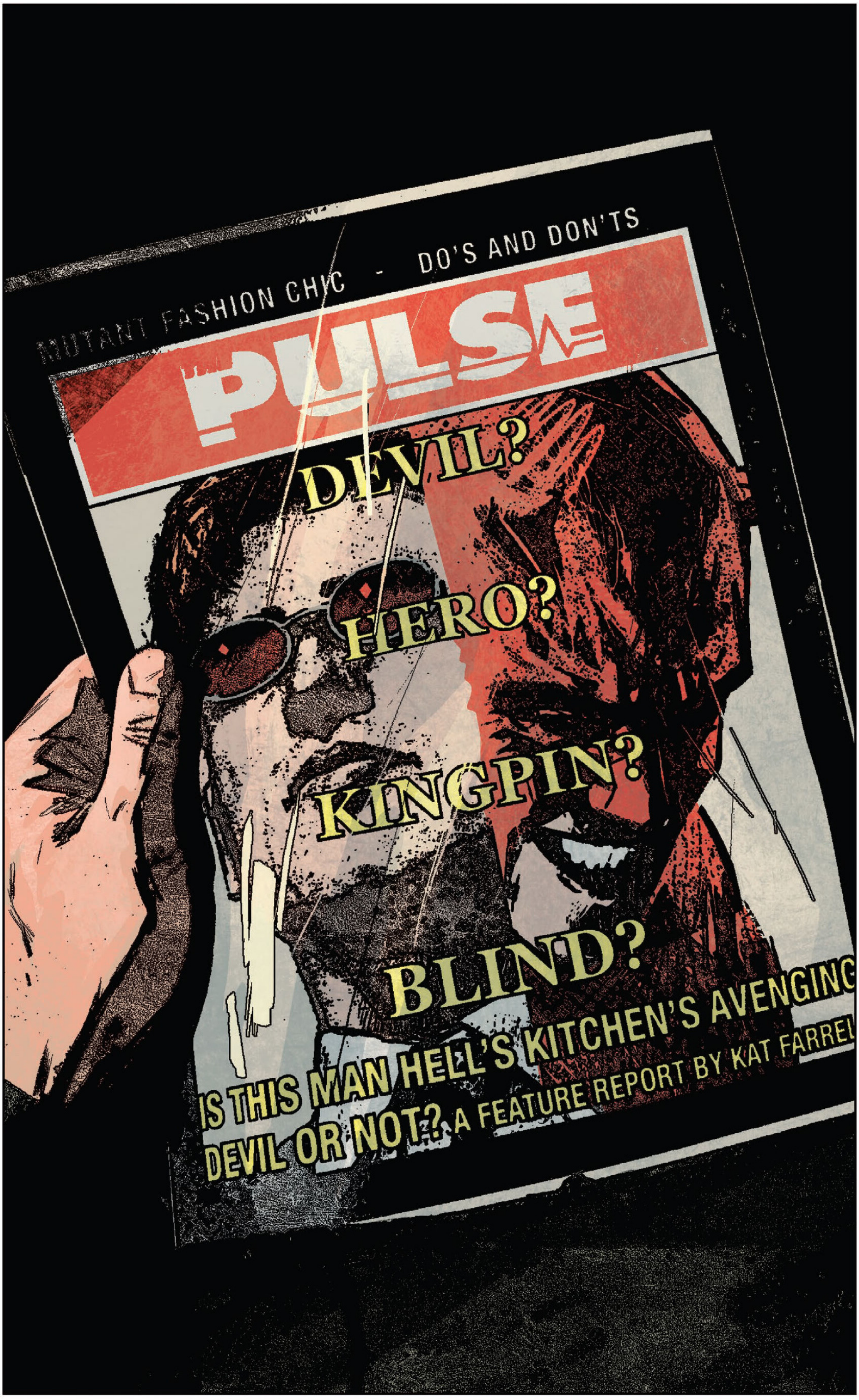

Her name is Natalia Alianovna Romanova...
You Americans refer to her as the Black Widow.
I believe she is currently in the employ of Colonel Fury's S.H.I.E.L.D. As an undercover operative. Yes?
I'm not at liberty to discuss matters of national security and that, of course, includes S.H.I.E.L.D. operations.
But you know of whom I speak?
Not off the top of my head.
Let me look into it for you.
Of course.
I will await your President's decision.

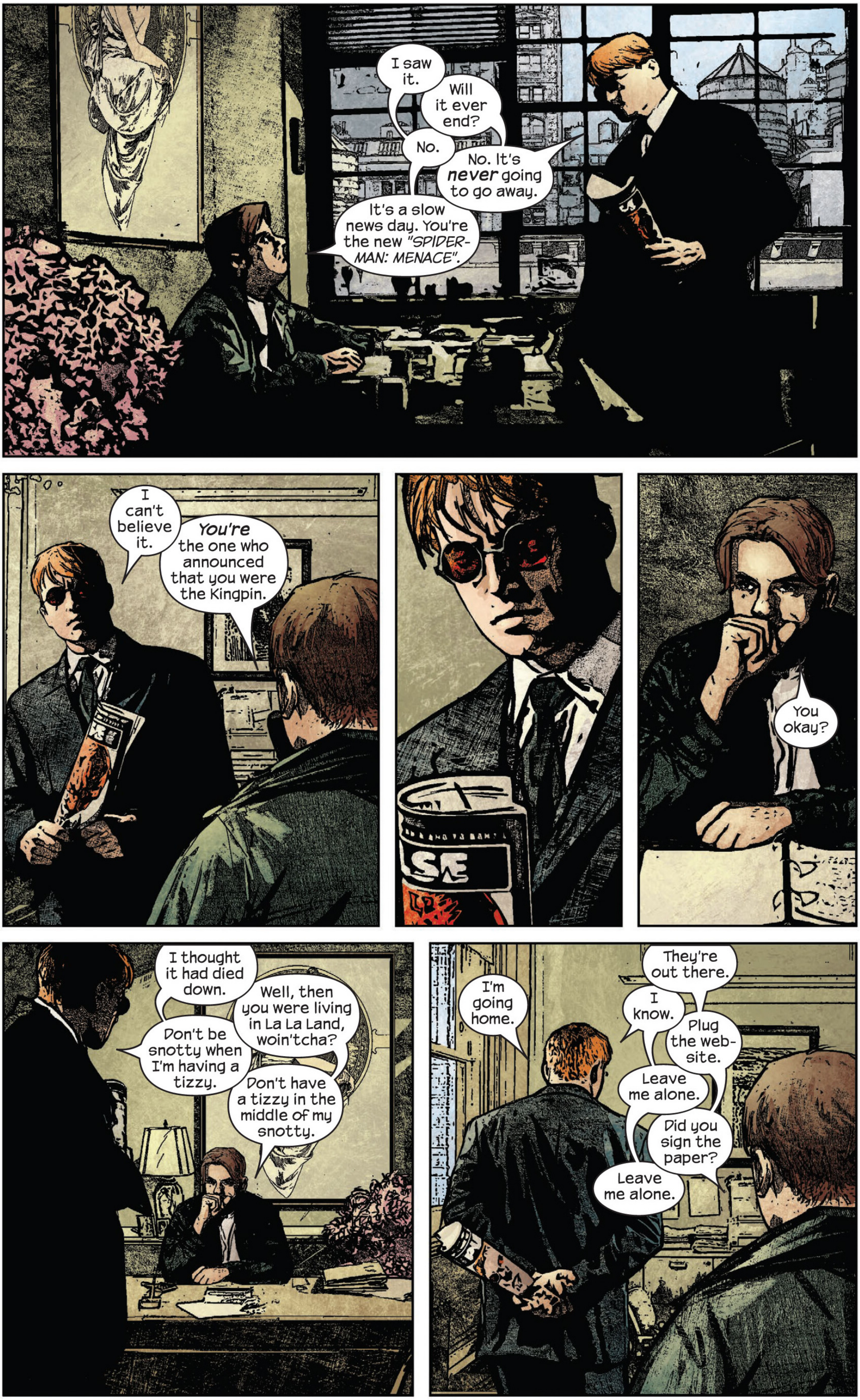

S.H.I.E.L.D. Helicarrier
Colonel Fury, I need you to call in one of your operatives.
I'm sorry?
This is a first, Mr. Director.
Yes.
Who?
Black Widow.
She's in the field.
I know. Call her in.
Why?
Executive order.
But why? For what?
If you're going to have trouble on follow-through, give me her point place...
...and I can have our agents do it **for** you.
I'll take care of it.

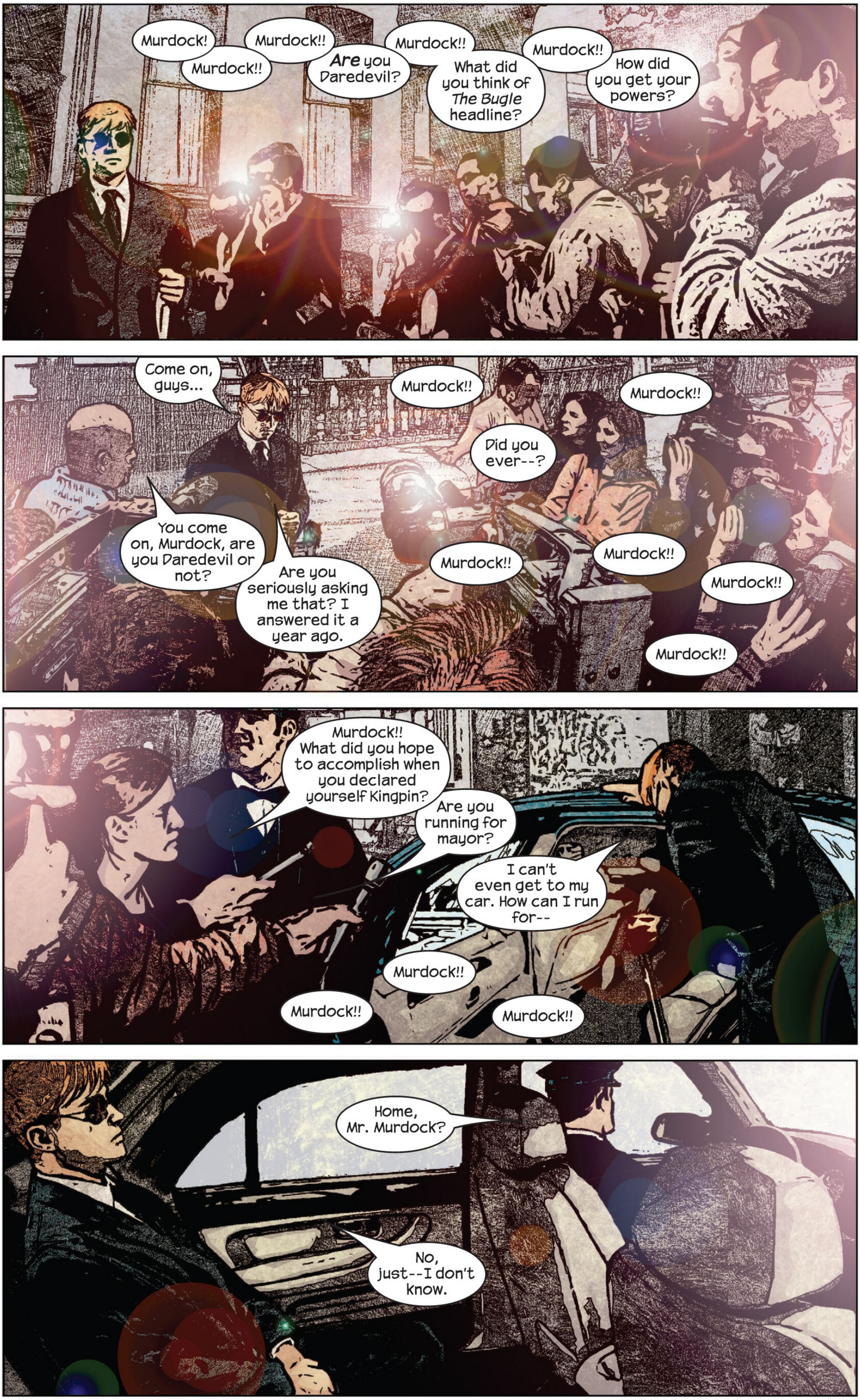
London
WWEEAAAAGGHHHHH!!!
WWEEEEEEEAAAAAAGGGHHHHHH!!!
YYEEEAAAAGGHHHH!!!

Wass' yur name?
Natasha...
"Da! Ve get moose and squirrel." Ha hahha!
Yeah.
And I know who *you* are--
Yeah?
Oh yeah.
My girlfriend told me.
Yeah?
Is it true that your uncle is really Baron Struck--
Hold on...
HUUAGGHH!!
HUUAGGHH!!
BLEE BLEE
MISSION ABORT.
DISENGAGE.
DISAPPEAR.
P.I.N:
MISSION ABORT.
DISENGAGE.
DISAPPEAR.

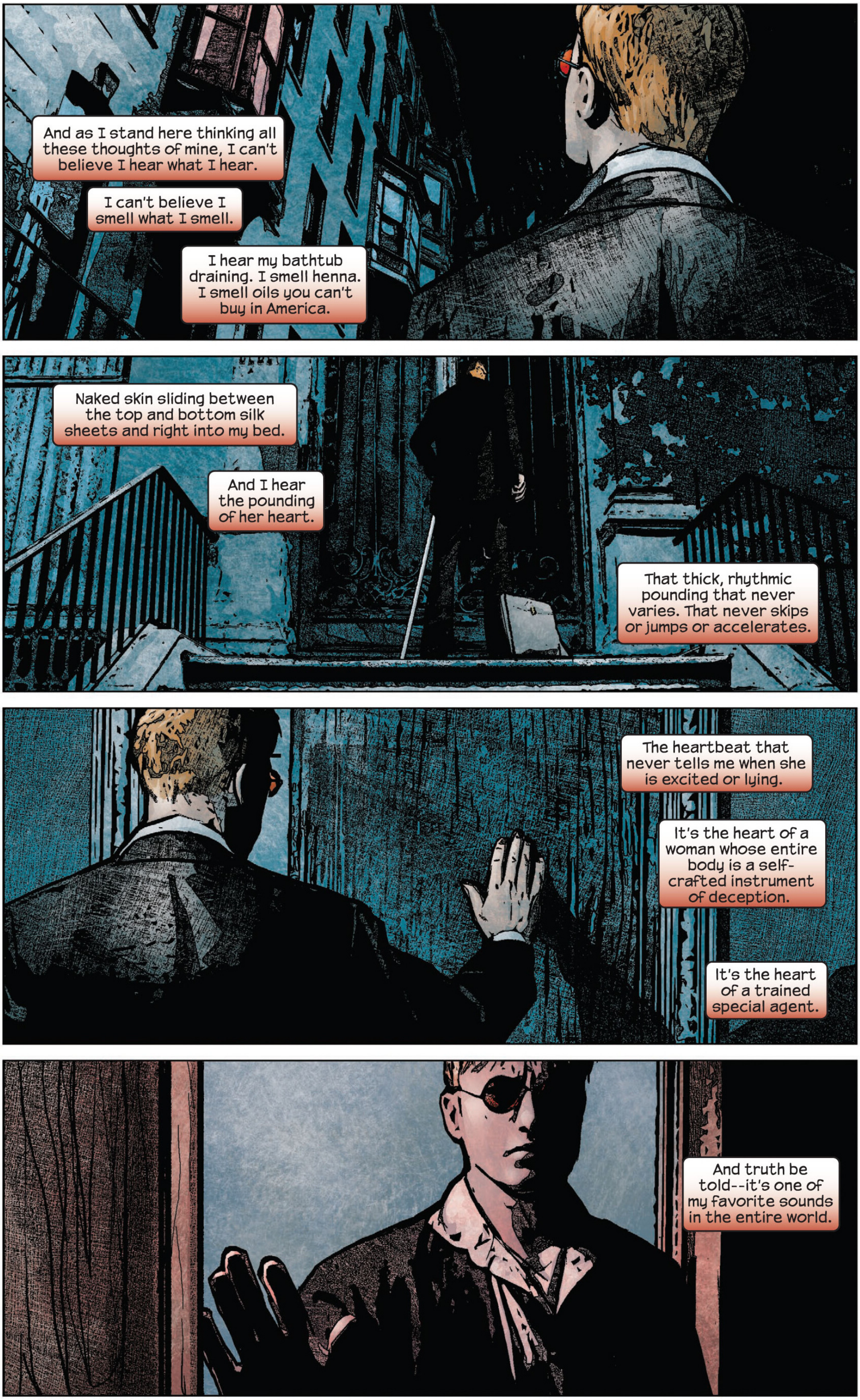
CRACK
So, where were we--
ARGH!
NORTH ATLANTIC OCEAN
BRAZIL
P.I.N.:
MISSION ABORT.
DISENGAGE.
DISAPPEAR.
DATA4_H
DATA5_H
DATA6_H
DATA7_H
END TRANSMISSION
TRANSMISSION
SEC
BRAZIL


MUTANT FASHION CHIC - DO'S AND DON'TS
PULSE
DEVIL?
HERO?
KINGPIN?
BLIND?
IS THIS MAN HELL'S KITCHEN'S AVENGING DEVIL OR NOT? A FEATURE REPORT BY KAT FARREL


I saw it.
Will it ever end?
No.
No. It's ***never*** going to go away.
It's a slow news day. You're the new "SPIDER-MAN: MENACE".
I can't believe it.
***You're*** the one who announced that you were the Kingpin.
You okay?
I thought it had died down.
Well, then you were living in La La Land, woin'tcha?
Don't be snotty when I'm having a tizzy.
Don't have a tizzy in the middle of my snotty.
I'm going home.
They're out there.
I know.
Plug the web-site.
Leave me alone.
Did you sign the paper?
Leave me alone.


Murdock!
Murdock!!
Murdock!!
*Are* you Daredevil?
Murdock!!
What did you think of *The Bugle* headline?
Murdock!!
How did you get your powers?
Come on, guys...
Murdock!!
Murdock!!
Did you ever--?
You come on, Murdock, are you Daredevil or not?
Are you seriously asking me that? I answered it a year ago.
Murdock!!
Murdock!!
Murdock!!
Murdock!!
Murdock!! What did you hope to accomplish when you declared yourself Kingpin?
Are you running for mayor?
I can't even get to my car. How can I run for--
Murdock!!
Murdock!!
Murdock!!
Home, Mr. Murdock?
No, just--I don't know.

The press doesn't care about me or Daredevil or any of it. They just want a show.
And what a show I put on for them tonight.
I ate at a very expensive uptown restaurant...all by myself.
Then I *resist* the urge to go to Milla's house and *beg* for her forgiveness and understanding.
Then I resist the urge to go over there and *yell* at her how marriage is a sacred bond that I do *not* take lightly!!
And that I shouldn't be *punished* for mourning the death of past loved ones while at the same time trying to live my impossible double life in the present.
I resist the overwhelming urge to run up to the *Daily Bugle* and scream in J. Jonah Jameson's %^&*ing face that I *am,* in fact, Daredevil and I *did* declare myself the Kingpin of Hell's Kitchen.
Kingpin of *crime?* No. Just Kingpin!!
I just wanted there to be *no* Kingpin so I made *myself* Kingpin. That's it.
It's so simple. Why does no one understand this simple concept?
And, you know what? I don't care that no one understands.
I got my results. I have what I want. And although it has totally destroyed whatever was left of a normal life for me... I do not care.
Because, end of the day, someone's life was saved because someone out there is scared of me.
And they should be.
Crime is down and life is better in this part of the city and if this is the price for that...*fine.* I can live with it.
But there is this overwhelming desire I am filled with to *punch someone in the face!!!*
Anyone will do at this point.
But I know that isn't right.
And it certainly isn't what my sensei taught me, but I can't help it.
I want to punch someone really, really badly.
In the face.
Why?
(Well, why *this* time?)
Because the only thing on this planet Earth that I felt one hundred percent *good* about was the fact that I finally found a woman who would actually marry me and love me and stand by me through all of this.
And now I know I *haven't.*
What I *found* was a woman who does love me...but after actually spending a healthy amount of *time* with me has decided that she would rather pretend she never met me than actually *be* with me.
And, end of the day, it's my fault.


And as I stand here thinking all these thoughts of mine, I can't believe I hear what I hear.
I can't believe I smell what I smell.
I hear my bathtub draining. I smell henna. I smell oils you can't buy in America.
Naked skin sliding between the top and bottom silk sheets and right into my bed.
And I hear the pounding of her heart.
That thick, rhythmic pounding that never varies. That never skips or jumps or accelerates.
The heartbeat that never tells me when she is excited or lying.
It's the heart of a woman whose entire body is a self-crafted instrument of deception.
It's the heart of a trained special agent.
And truth be told--it's one of my favorite sounds in the entire world.

Natasha.
Hi Matt.
It's the Black Widow.
When I was fifteen, I used to *dream* of things like this happening to me.
What are you *doing* here?
I came to visit.
Did Nick Fury send you to--
To screw with you? No.
Nick respects you a lot more than that. If he wanted something from *you* he'd ask you straight.
Not throw ex-girlfriends at you.
What do *you* want then?
A nice *"Hello. Wow. I haven't seen you in a long time. You smell great. How long has it been? Remember the time we--"* wouldn't be totally out of the question.
What do you want?

I need a place to sleep.
You're a rich woman and we do have the finest luxury hotels in the entire world.
I was in London, on a crap assignment.
And it was *getting* to me, okay?
I was getting the jitters.
I've been on the road for over a year without a break and I'm not doing well in my head.
I kinda needed to just be me for a while. Even the old me.
I liked the old you.
See, that was almost nice.
I just wanted to crash for a day or two. Maybe get the old juices flowing again, you know.
Nothing-- no hidden agenda.
I just needed a friend.
That does--
BZZZZZZZ

Are you seeing anyone?
There's girl stuff in the bathroom.
Not anymore.
BZZZZZZZ
Can I stay?
My life's kind of in disarray.
As opposed to when?
You got me there.
BZZZZZZZ
Are you going to answer your phone?
I don't want to talk to anyone.
It's the fifth time they called, might be important.
BZZZZZZZ
Hello? Hi, Ben.
Ben Urich?
Yes.
Tell him I say--
Natasha Romanova is here. She says--he says hi back.
Hi, Ben.

Don't call me to apologize for that headline on your paper.
It's not my paper. I just work--
Well, I don't want to hear it.
Fine, I didn't call to say it.
I called to find out if you had any desire to step out tonight and save your city from certain peril.
What's going on?
You ever run into a guy named Jigsaw?
Jigsaw.
Years ago, the Punisher threw him through a plate glass window. Carved him up. Guy's face looks like a jigsaw puzzle.
Hence the name.
Never seen him.
Funny. But you know who he is?
Yeah.
He's gunrunning on the North Shore Pier tonight, according to sources that have never failed me.
Did you call the police?
Let's just say my source knows that the police aren't going to do anything about this.
Your source is on "the job"?
Yeah. Jigsaw tossed some cash around. The cops and Feds are looking the other way.
Unless, in his words: "Some big time super hero makes a big thing of it and they have no *choice* but to..."
So I was wondering if you maybe had some misplaced anger at my publisher that you wanted to maybe--
"Certain peril"?
What?
You said "certain peril." Are you writing the article in your head before it actually happens?
Are you going to go or not?
Maybe. Hold on...
Natasha? You happen to bring your--

--Black Widow...
Shall we dance?
...outfit?
I'll meet you there, Ben. No photographers.
Grow up.
This is going to be fun.

Morning
TROUBLE AT THE AVENGERS MANSION?
DAILY BUGLE
New York's Finest Daily Newspaper
DAREDEVIL, BLACK WIDOW
ACK IN ACTION
THE SEXY DUO HIT
THE STREETS AGAIN...HAR
AND WHERE WAS THE NYPD
CTION
Doris, patch me through to Nick Fury...
NOW!!!!